

Wright State University

CORE Scholar

Nexus

Student Activities

Fall 9-1-1976

Nexus, Fall 1976

Wright State University Community

Follow this and additional works at: <https://corescholar.libraries.wright.edu/nexusliteraryjournal>



Part of the [Fiction Commons](#), [Illustration Commons](#), [Interdisciplinary Arts and Media Commons](#), [Mass Communication Commons](#), [Nonfiction Commons](#), [Other Arts and Humanities Commons](#), [Photography Commons](#), and the [Poetry Commons](#)

Repository Citation

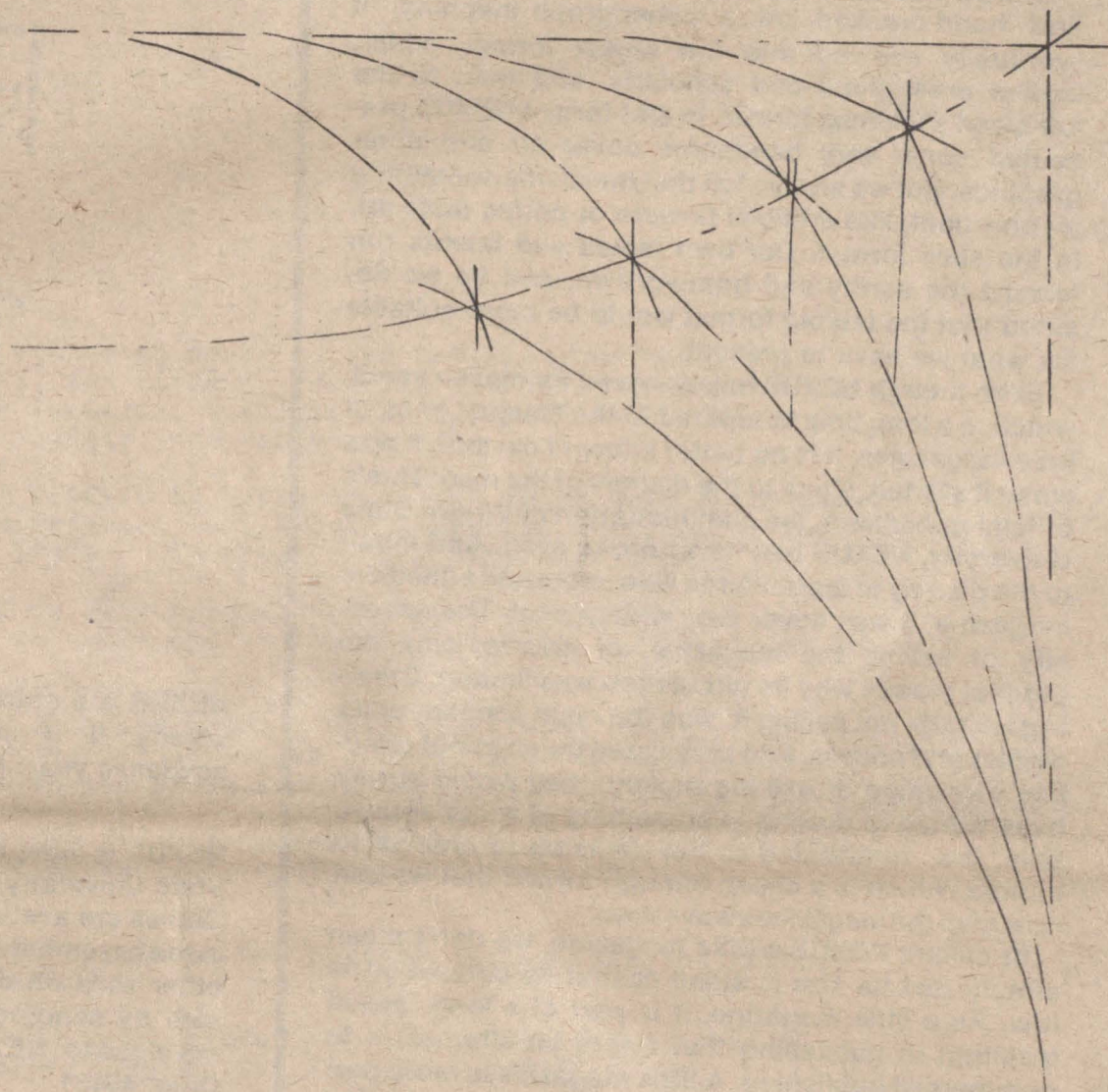
Wright State University Community (1976). *Nexus, Fall 1976*. .

This Creative Work is brought to you for free and open access by the Student Activities at CORE Scholar. It has been accepted for inclusion in Nexus by an authorized administrator of CORE Scholar. For more information, please contact library-corescholar@wright.edu.

NEXUS

FALL

1976



NEXUS IDENTITY CRISIS

NEXUS has been around since 1965 when it was first hand-cranked off a mimeograph machine. It eventually evolved into the digest format, which looked prestigious and scholarly, and then to the full-sized slick mag format. In that format NEXUS presented some very handsome cover art and other graphics. But we always felt that there was something incongruent, like artificial flowers or coffee table art, in the slick format. Our own tastes and talents run toward the earthy and home-grown, and so we decided that the tabloid format would be more suitable for what we have to present.

Even though NEXUS has survived for eleven years, which is a long time compared to the lifespan of most little magazines, it is no better known now than it was when it started. Much to the dismay of the magazine's official publishers, the administration of Wright State University, NEXUS has never broke even. And much to the dismay of the students who wrote and edited the magazine, it was never very widely read. The necessity of selling the magazine, of course, was the biggest reason why its circulation was limited. Creating NEXUS, not selling it, was the main concern of its writers and editors. Had they cared much about effective marketing or making money, they would surely have turned to dealing in something of wider appeal. This, too, contributed to our decision to change to tabloid, which is a cheap enough format that we can now give the magazine away—free.

In calling NEXUS a little magazine, we don't mean simply that its size is small or that its circulation is low. As a little magazine, it is part of a long, proud tradition in publishing that offers an alternative to commercial publishing. A little magazine is more personal, and much less formal, than most commercial publishing ventures. Its emphasis is not making money, but providing a forum for local writers and artists. As commercial publishing becomes increasingly more stylized and competitive, the little magazine will also become a more important forum for new ideas and individual expression.

EDITORS CORNER

I have been trying for five weeks to write a small paragraph explaining what being editor of NEXUS is all about. Now layout is close to finished for this issue and I am forced to get this note written while burnt out beyond endurance yet driven by anxieties that won't let go until I am finished. This is the way NEXUS is put together with frantic last ditch efforts of a staff who are cruising on sheer angst and will power. Nothing works as planned. Being a NEXUS staffer is a commitment both to art and neuroses. This note is explaining just what I wanted it to explain. You see now I hope that it had to be written at the last minute to capture the process that rages out of control, drives the staff to insanity and when everything seems about to fall apart produces a magazine. I am the editor and yet I am amazed.

NEXUS

FALL

1976

NEXUS is a student publication of Wright State University. It is published three times during the academic year: Fall, Winter, and Spring.

NEXUS is now distributed free of charge at Wright State University and in the surrounding community. Copies are available in the NEXUS office in room 006 in the basement of WSU's University Center, as well as other sites on campus. NEXUS can be obtained by mail by sending a self-addressed, stamped manila envelope to: NEXUS, Wright State University, Dayton, Ohio, 45431.

EDITOR - RANDY MARSHALL

ASST. EDITOR BAMBI BARTH

ART EDITOR AL WINSLOW

FACULTY ADVISOR WILLIAM D. BAKER

with special thanks to WAYNE WENNING

Unsolicited poetry and fiction manuscripts are welcome. They cannot be returned by mail, however, unless accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Articles, columns, and reviews by assignment only. If you are interested, write NEXUS or call 1-513-873-2782.

NEXUS is available to any little magazine or small press on an exchange basis.

©NEXUS 1976—All rights revert to authors upon publication.

MEMBER
COSMOPOLITAN
COMMITTEE OF SMALL MAGAZINE
EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS
BOX 703 SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94101

INSIDE

NEXUS POETRY, featuring poems by Sam McMillan, Don Shanley, Karla M. Hammond, Lyn Lifshin, Janet Joel Boring, Kathleen Charnock, Susan Scibetta, Mark Willis, Tim Van Schmidt, Leon Diamond, Cindy Shearer, and Randy Marshall

WILD UNEXPLORED TERRAIN by Susan Scibetta, an article describing the writer's experiences in a Sexual Awareness workshop at the Dayton Women's Center. Informative and interesting reading

THE CAT OF FATE by John Pilcrow, good fiction telling of one man's attempts to avoid the violence of the city he lives and works in.

THE TWO SUNS by Jerry Vilhotti. What terrifying event occurred beneath twenty four Arthur Avenue and why does it haunt Johnny? The answer lies in the prose and imagination of Jerry Vilhotti.

HAND-ME-DOWN by Bob Bricker. "Come to me my dream girl." Watch as Davey discovers the ordinary in dreams and the fantasy in life.

NEXUS GALLERY, Walk through the seasons in the excellent photographs of Bob Reck.

THE LAST PAGE NEWS, What distorted view of reality is shared by the NEXUS staff? Look on the last page and find out.

CAPTAIN CANNABIS, Will the villainous Amphetaman triumph over an unsuspecting humanity or will Captain Cannabis stop him? James Pack documents the battle in a cartoon.

USED COURTESY OF FANZINE '76

NEXUS

THE CAT OF FATE

by John Pilcrow

Peckner worked at one of the branches to a very large bank. One evening he took the bus from work and pushed his way toward the back where there was always a pocket of space. Marvelous, he thought, how much room there was for those who pushed their way back. The rewards of ambition. He looked down on people who hugged the front.

Peckner's mind was on what he was going to eat for dinner when a young boy stood up and opened his butterfly knife. He shouted in a foreign language at someone sitting behind Peckner, someone who flipped open a shiny straight edge razor. One by one all around Peckner boys were standing and pulling out their knives. Soon there would be slashing and screaming and flying blood and Peckner didn't want to be in the middle of it. He took his chances and pushed his ribs, ice picked by fear, out the side exit and ran like hell down the sidewalk.

It was getting really bad. There was violence everywhere. An old grocer woman on his street was shot through the temple for a bottle of whisky. Some people have nothing but bad luck. They are noticed and picked upon like a mouse by the cat of fate. Peckner was picked out. His apartment has been burgled twice in spite of the fact that he had locks and bolts on every door and window. These were hard times. With the wages he got at the bank and the prices of everything and everyone's little highway robbery Peckner had a hard time affording his apartment in Eureka Valley.

You'd think Peckner'd be down in the dumps about it. But he wasn't. His friends enjoyed the humor in Peckner's stories of dilemma and bad turns of events.

The bank where Peckner worked had poured millions of dollars into a campaign leading people to believe that by merely entering its doors they'd get something for nothing. They were always giving things away to get you down there. They needed all the business they could get, being located in a bad area. The bank issued free cook books, flags, plants. After one of these campaigns the place was jammed and the service got poor and people closed their accounts. It was routine absurdity. Orders always came down from the top. This branch was a tiny part of a vast corporate network. It was a nothing, a mere paper clip on a vast desk. Now they were ordered to give away toys and full page ads of this appeared in all the papers.

The next morning before opening time Mr. Kent, the branch manager, let in a clown wearing a top coat and carrying a suitcase. He was made up in a great distortion of the human form. It was his job to hand out suckers. Ten thousand suckers had been delivered the previous day along with the wind up toys. Ten huge boxes in all. The clown's job was to keep a dozen toys constantly wound up on a big table, wobbling and marching and knocking and whirring about, and pander to infant mankind's drooling desire for sweets.

Alvin Hirsch was the clown's name. During lunch he asked Peckner to bring him a hamburger because he didn't want to be harassed at a cafe while he ate.

"Damn kids," said Hirsch. "They steal ever thing. Got nothin against em, but so many are little snatchers if ya know what I mean. Don't leave anything about where they can snatch it. I'm from Florida and down south if a kids went out and snatched something that wasn't his they'd git the old man out on the chain gang and work his ass off for a few weeks. If he started out a fat and lazy two hunnert he'd come home a solid hunnert eighty. Then he could knock the kid up the side of the head and leave a few knots on him. Not out here. Kids throw stuff at me. One kid at a shopping center a few days ago tried to set me on fire with a butane lighter. The adults just laugh. Some day I'm

going back south.

"Is this a busy time of year for you?"

"Ya, lotta work. More than I can handle. It's a good living. Fifty bucks an hours, two hunnert per day. You work yer dobber off but it pays."

The next morning, Friday, before they opened the door to the public, Mr. Kent showed another movie to the employees about what you were supposed to do in a robbery. Same old beans, ns. Keep the note, look over the person's face, make note of scars, marks, mannerisms. All the higher ups were still worried about what happened two weeks ago when a man came in and handed a message to Mrs. Chainer written inside a circle. "Keep your eyes looking inside this circle and don't touch anything or I will stab thy face." The man waited a few seconds then ran out. He didn't ask for any money or show any weapons.

But all the films and cassettes and memos you had to sign didn't alter the fact that of all the banks Peckner worked in, this one had the poorest security. Especially considering the area. The alarm button was all the way under the counter. What would he do, say excuse me I notice my shoelace is untied and get his head blown off like a chicken?

Peckner started showing small differences every few days, usually under a dollar and Mr. Kent was getting excited about it because he had to have the books balanced right to the penny. Peckner couldn't live with it any more. The tons of money, the armed guards, the Pinkerton dogs, the shot guns, the street hoods in the neighborhood just watching. At any moment the whole damn place could turn into a Peckinpah movie. He decided to play sick and skip a few days.

On one of those days Peckner paid a visit to a joke shop that he read about recently in the paper because a lot of human interest types hung out there on weekends. Inside, Peckner glanced at the books. He felt the lure of discovery. He almost wanted all those books. There was one—*Basic Business Techniques For Variety Entertainers*. Peckner took himself aside and questioned what he was thinking of doing. He didn't want to be shot through the front of the head by the product of a poor environment, did he? He would like to make 200 bucks a day, wouldn't he? Hirsch gave out toys for five days at the bank. Peckner thought of how much he himself made during the same time and laughed.

He skipped a few more days from the bank and just rode the buses all over town, thinking. Finally it was decision time. Randy Peckner, feeling very clever, was going to escape the pounce of death, get out of the line of fire, live an interesting, safe and materialistic life. He was willing to spend money to make money so he started off with buying a clown's suit (more expensive than a suit of clothes) and make-up. He went back to work just long enough to type a description of his new clown service on the bank's IBM Selectric. *The Randy Peckner Clown Service*. He proudly duplicated the page a hundred times on the bank's copier. He filled his pockets with paper clips, rubber bands, and a few stamps and quit. They called him several times at home and each time he told them he wasn't going to risk his life for a bunch of cheap asses.

He looked through the phone book and picked out toy stores, banks, it wasn't many, so he searched the phone books of other towns. It was like hunting for gold. There was a definite panting passion about stuffing and licking ninety six envelopes and wrapping them in dense clumps with rubber bands. As each hit the bottom of the hollow mailbox he felt some ancient drumbeat of achievement. He got on the phone and told all

kinds of businesses and agencies that he was available as a professional clown for sales promotions. Peckner's friends came by more often to see just what the hell he was up to.

Nothing happened for days. Peckner was wringing his hands and drinking gin and running out of money. Finally the phone rang. It was a Mrs. Healy. She wanted to know what the Peckner Clown Service involved.

After some disjointed blab that conveyed to Mrs. Healy that Peckner wasn't a vile pinhead she said she would pay twenty five dollars for "his clown" at her kid's birthday party. Peckner laughed and clapped his hands and looked in the mirror and admired himself. When the time came he climbed into his clown suit and make-up, put on sunglasses and caught a bus. A few people stared or snickered but Peckner thought screw them. He was going to be making 200 bucks a day soon and drive his own car. Let them laugh at that.

He joked and made himself an object of ridicule for an hour at the party. Mrs. Healy was pleased. A mom of one of the other kids told Peckner she admired his patience and wanted him to do his thing at her little Rodney's party. Later in the week he received yet another call from a Mrs. Ober.

He called up a lot of people and did a lot of visiting and told everyone he was a professional clown. There was a lot of choking and coughing about this. No, really. He is a clown. I am a clown. Really, he is a clown. His popularity did increase. Everybody got his business card. On weekends people saw him chasing all over town in buses and cabs in clownface. He had his phone number stitched to the back of his jacket. After a while supermarkets started buying him.

But his friends noticed he was starting to think too much. Hearing he was a clown, people presumed he was a screwball personality, which state of affairs made him hostile and tight lipped. Although he was working more or less regularly he wasn't getting his 200 bucks a day. The law of supply and demand seemed to have brought that figure down quite a bit. It was decision time again so he decided to move temporarily to a cheaper apartment. When the money really started pouring in he'd move up on Russian Hill somewhere. But for now he had to settle for a neighborhood where every morning there'd be blood drops here and there on the sidewalks. The police were always present. There were false fire alarms day and night. His friends tended to stay away. So Peckner worked harder. He came and went at all hours. He learned the hard uphill trudge of prospecting. He schemed, he called, he followed up. He hung around with door to door salesmen. He spent a lot of time at a bar across town frequented by groups of puppeteers and balloonists.

The sky was deep blue and without a cloud as Peckner caught a bus on his street. He was on his way to an advertising promotion for a shoe store in the Blow Wind Shopping Center where he would hand out balloons and candy in the store's name. He took the second seat behind the rear exit door, his favorite. No sooner had the bus passed Valencia Street than someone shouted rapidly in a foreign tongue. In the rear a boy in a purple sweater and mirrored sunglasses pulled from under his sweater a shiny steak knife. What the hell is this, thought Peckner, kids showing off again? Sure enough, out came the razors, the ice picks, the switchblades. Before Peckner had time to see who was against who, a skinny boy in a fatigue jacket pulled out the trump. There was crack after crack of percussion and screaming and sulphur and smoke and Peckner felt like a bright room plunged into shadow by the drawing of a shade. All about his shoulder and face he felt slices of thin cold painless blades, and then he felt separated from his body. He was like a sawdust dummy the way he fell sideways to the floor.

THE TWO SONS

by Jerry Vilhotti

What the two sons would do in Johnny's ethered dream as he lay on the operating table was first twang into a frown and then twang back through the circles into a smile.

Johnny was eight and all the background to the suns was the woods Grady had walked in and Johnny had stumbled in, fought in; remembered and forgot and remembered.

What the sun would do would go into halves, then, spring back whole with full face, spring back with a twang sound, signifying completion of the movement then catapult back into a half again.

Cellars:

A whisper in a Bronx cellar beneath a tenement. Johnny was afraid of the knife and the cut it would leave covering the stream of water trickling within his leg but his mind reasoned: "tomorrow this time the operation will be over."

The day after the operation Johnny would place inside the whole sun's face the kind nun and nurse who had befriended him. Johnny defecated in his bed the night after his leg grew bandages. He had stood up in the blood drenched bed. The nun and nurse said in the early morning hours: "Shame on you Johnny. A big boy like you doing that!" But the whispers were kind and Johnny didn't feel the shame. He had given something of himself in the horrifying darkness that had red blotches of black smothering his leg. They had lessened his fear just before going up by telling him he was a brave boy and that they worked in the operating room so they would be there with him.

The boy in the next bed to Johnny, burned by friends in a Burywater woods, who was full of bandages from head to feet and he would exchange some words, many silences and a few comic books. Johnny talked to the slits that held the boy's eyes; eyes that were wisps of black smoke.

Within a week the boy full of bandages died and Johnny was told by the nurse that he went to a better place. When Johnny said he wanted to go there too, she said: "He died."

Another boy several beds away from Johnny, who had shot himself in the throat with a bebe gun, would gurgle sounds to him. He and Johnny gestured meanings back and forth. In the middle of the night the boy would hiss making Johnny remember the whisper—all the terror of it: "Don't go down there? You best not. Something bad happened underneath twenty four Arthur Avenue," the voice said.

Johnny said: "What? What?"

"Before you were born—something bad happened there!" The voice vomited forth.

Johnny tried again to have the whisper tell him what he was to be afraid of and if he had asked in this way: "Ahhh botclogladatrhaa. Ahm Jomta? Joh?" he would have been answered instead the whisper shrieked away into a horrifying laughter.

Johnny was afraid of the knife cutting into him. If it missed: he and Nancy his girlfriend in the Bronx would sit on the sidewalk with their legs hanging over the curb fondling each other. By five years old big cardboard surrounded them like huge shadows so they could not be seen. Put there by Lenny and his friends.

The whisper in small doses told him like flashes of a million pieces of memory broken up in all directions: he was coming through the archway into the long tube that emerged into the womblike courtyard. There standing before the cylindrical tunnel was the tall building. The tenement stood like a tall palm being held up to the sky. Opened windows make holes among the chipped brick. Johnny opened the door to the entrance and he heard voices coming from beneath the squared tiled floor that looked like a thousand pimples

hanging from Tom's leg. He never thought anything ever existed beneath these first steps leading upward. Did he hear his father's voice beneath? The four year old moved along the wall finding a door that led down. He walked into their voices. He recognized all but one man who told him to go upstairs that his father would join him for supper in a minute.

His father nodded saying: "Yes Johnny. I'll be up in a minute after this hand is finished. Go wait in the courtyard for me."

Johnny went up the stairs; opened the door and then closed it. He tiptoed back downstairs for the memory of his father's voice made him feel not afraid. The loud noise of their voices covered any small sounds he made coming back down. He stood in the shadows looking on. He never remembered all this but the whisper said he saw this: wine was on the table so the boss, the winner of that particular hand, could choose for whom to pour and who would look on while being denied a drink; crumpled green bills surrounded the flask of wine; cards were shuffled in a blur and the play began again but the stranger made a small clumsy movement that everyone saw! Johnny's father picked up an ax and the stranger's head rolled to the floor.

"Right. Right. Right. Do you ever see Papa play cards for money Lenn . . . Johnny! You bet you don't!" The hiss covered his face. The whisper

limped away.

Swish! Swoosh! Swish! The axe chased Johnny in the dark room as he lay on his stomach with his brother Lenny on top of him trying to get inside of him.

Swish! Swoosh! Swish!

"Nancy don't go down there. It's dangerous." Johnny repeated the whisper about the cellar, but she said: "Let's go see anyway Johnny. Let's go!"

He nodded while he took her soft hand into his. They walked through the darkness and a cat's meow while it rubbed against a box forcing it to drop made them run from the cellar to the sunlight.

Johnny would play basketball in the cellar of their new home, the winter and most of the summer before going into the hospital.

"Johnny! The green eyes will get you! Hahahahahahahahahahaha. They're looking for you! Look into the darkness. In the shadows! In the coal bin!" Tom shouted through the key hole of the cellar door which held back the stairs.

Eight year old Johnny fought the urge to run. Instead, he walked into the garage which was adjacent to the cellar and looked out the little glass window panes that Tom would shatter to many little pieces in his desire to shut the door firmly to please his father many years later. Johnny looked to the sun that entered only that part of the downstairs.

"Watch out for the green eyes!" Tom said



by Kathleen Charnock

slamming the door three times with the same intensity as he would the garage door.

Johnny clung to the garage door laughing as he continued to look out at the light. He couldn't even do this much in the Maryland room for the blinds were closed shrouding them in darkness as his hunched brothers used him.

"We hurting you Johnny?" A voice asked. He nodded.

Swoosh! Swish! Johnny buried his head deeper into the pillow as the breeze from the axe closed in.

He couldn't die if they cut only his leg, for his whole being was Johnny Sanguine, he reassured himself in the hospital room. The same room when he would be sixteen waiting for his third and last operation trying to get the heat of the summer day off him taking off his pajama top and the old Mother Superior would come stalking into the room shouting that he had better put his top on that no one was allowed to be half naked. Johnny covered his very light hairy chest as if he were covering his penis. He would be going up soon. Another couple of hours and the operation would be over. He couldn't die from the cut even though the leg was close so very close. He trusted the nurse and her nice words: "You're such a handsome boy. What's your name?" She said as she pressed his shoulder softly and fingers like hers would massage him when sixteen by a nurse called Roberta and her fingers touching his naked back massaging so smoothly said the same to him. He told her his name.

"Now Johnny an operation isn't so terrible. It's over before you know it. You'll go to sleep, awaken and it will be all over."

Johnny told her he wasn't afraid.

"I know Johnny. Know this too, I'll be there with you." She kissed him gently on the cheek. She added, "And Sister Nina will be there too. We help the doctor in the operating room."

The nun came over and clasped his hand tenderly not at all like the nun at the St. Augusta school who had tried to pull off all his penis-like fingers.

"My what a manly handshake you have, I bet he's a brave boy Miss Cero," She said.

"He is sister," the nurse whispered.

The nun kissed him too. He trusted them completely but not his brothers: "Let's go to the room. Let's go Johnny to the room. We won't kill you."

Johnny tried to say no beneath the blue Maryland sky. He shook his head. He loved his brothers.

"Come on Johnny to the room!"

"Ah never mind we'll never talk to him again that's all."

"He never was a never will be—that's all!"

"Naa he's no brother of ours."

"Who Johnny Sanguine? Never heard of him!"

"Who?"

"I heard of an August. That's all but a Johnny?"

"Didn't he die. Hahahahaha."

"He's no brother of ours!"

"I am a brother. I am," Johnny shouted back.

"Look kid all we want to do is put it up your ass," one whispered in the room.

Inside, deep behind his eyes, Johnny escaped the axe man by reasoning: Johnny Sanguine. Johnny Sanguine . . .

"Mama tell Tommy to stop teasing me," Five year old Johnny said. The mother didn't hear and Tom continued to make monster faces. Alice was the only one home sitting in the parlor listening to the *Make Believe Ballroom Time*. Tom chased Johnny who was running from his hair pulling. Johnny reached the drawer. His hand searched for anything.

Clomp, Clomp, Clomp; the footsteps were coming closer. Johnny turned and threw the knife his fingers had pulled out. The knife caught Tom in the

hand. The hand threw up blood. Tom as if not seeing the red of it all fell to one knee and began to laugh.

Alice coming out to the kitchen to stop all the commotion screamed, "Oh my God! Jesus Christ!"

These words made Tom see the red of it all. He fell over onto his side screaming he was going to die.

If a cut happened he wouldn't lose his . . .

"Go ahead Johnny you can touch me," Nancy said. Johnny touched in the Bronx and on Hopkin's Street.

Johnny was bigger than any part of his body.

"How long before the bridge is finished Papa?" Johnny asked as he and his father were walking about the neighborhood. Johnny felt secure in his father's presence.

"Oh about six of your body."

"How big is the bridge?" Johnny wanted to know.

"One hundred and eighty of your body put together!" The father said.

Johnny didn't know how much the number was but eighty was part of his address which he memorized in case he ever got lost and the way his father's voice boomed out the number the bridge must have reached the sky.

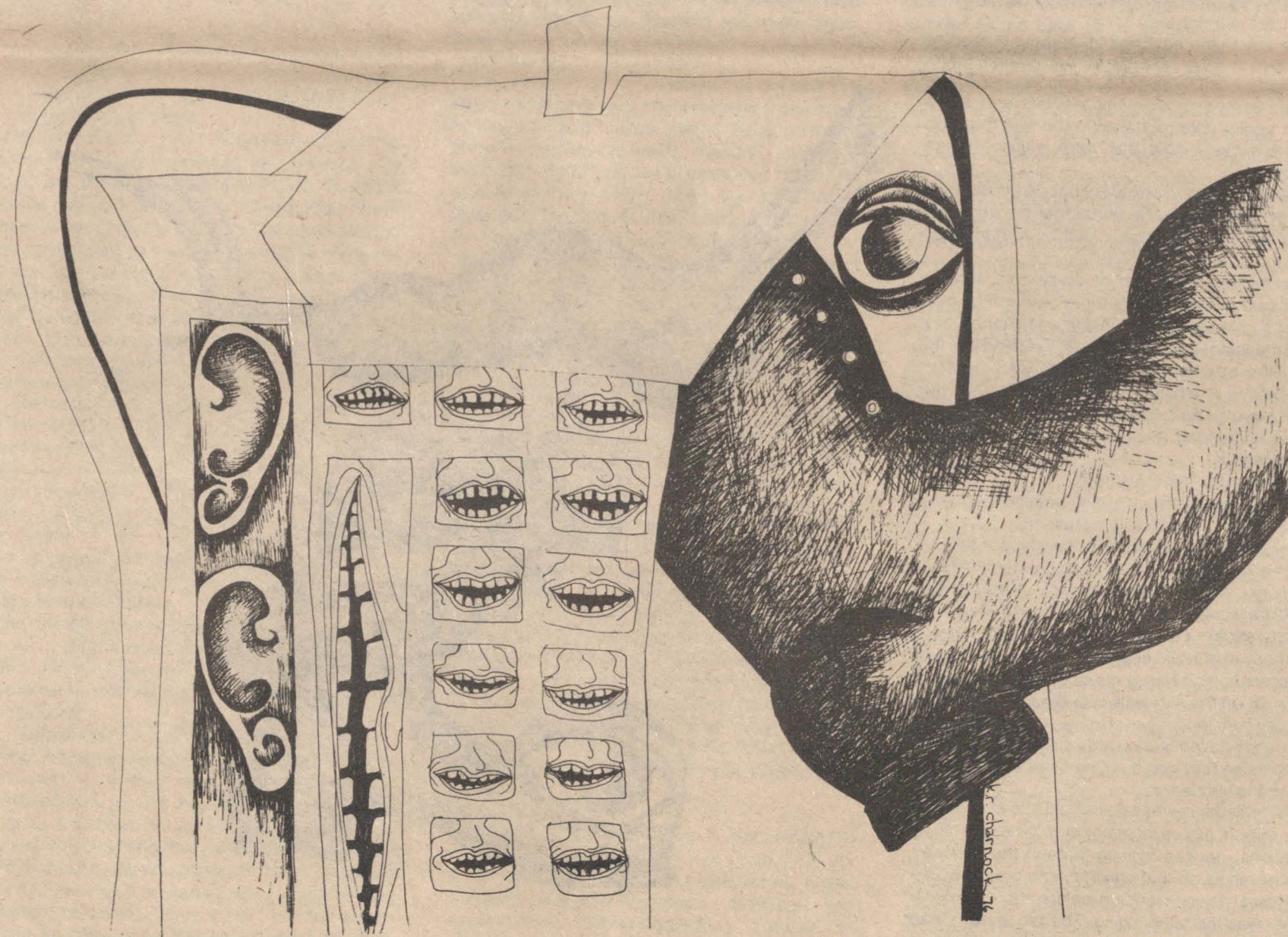
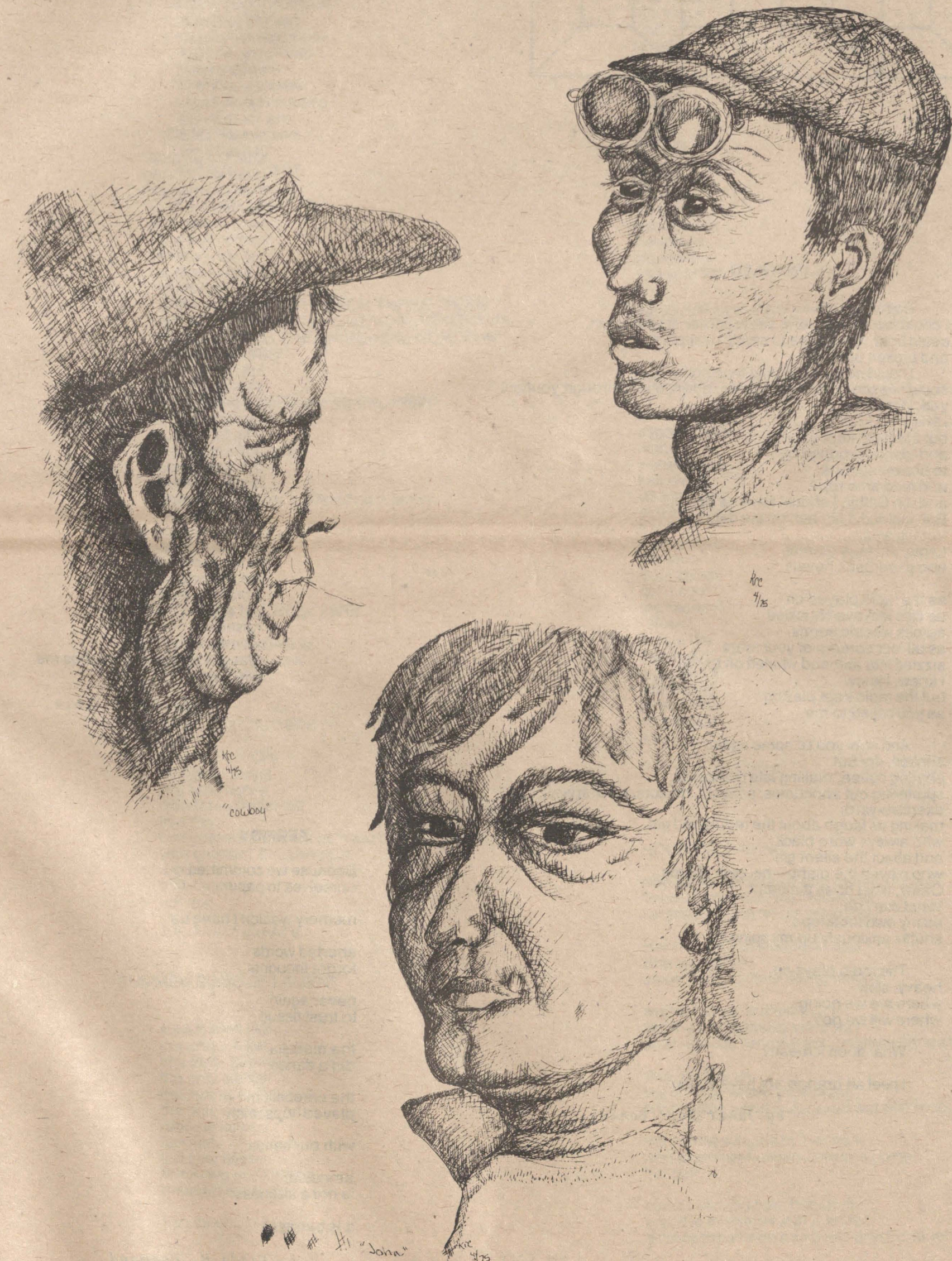
Even if the axe man got his head, Johnny could walk away for he was—every fiber of his being was . . .

Johnny continued to duck from the axe. He flew over it, under it—like a plane to clouds. Every push by his brothers—feeders on teats of dead cows—was a mighty swing. His whole body, mind, name and feeling, would have to be cut into a million little pieces before he would be empty.

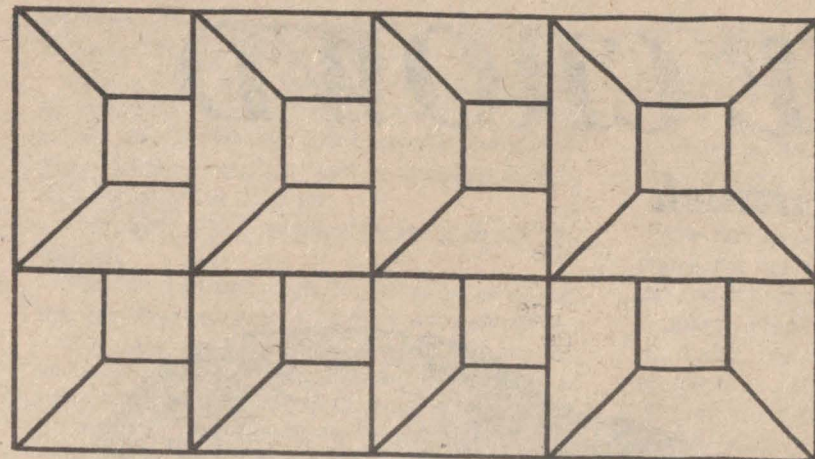
The sun turned to a half as it twang back to full. Johnny would never forget those suns of his ethered dream. He would never forget.

FACES IN THE CROWD

by Kathy Charnock



A Tongue or a Road or a Yardstick Gently Curving
by Kathleen Charnock



POETRY

UNTITLED

Cathy, I knew
I could feel you squat in some corner of your room,
could hear you set fire to candy wrappers
and broken pencils.
I could see you gulping those pills,
could see the poison rush down, down, down through your gut
yes, I knew
I knew
but the radio kept playing
and friends dropped by
to borrow spoons
and macrame rope
and, oh Cathy, I should have run to you.
But, instead, I hid behind the day
trotting away
to buy postage stamps
and paperback novels

as the radio played on,
as disc jockeys chuckled
across electric songs,
as all four corners of your room
sizzled into ash and whirled off to sea.
I knew, I knew
but the radio kept playing
as you called to me.

And now you're home again
sunken, dry but
sharing coffee, mailing late postcards,
sputtering out anecdotes: patients, doctors, art therapy,
exercise-yard;
making us laugh about the red-haired girl
who always wore black
and about the silent girl
who played the piano—her own chords.
Cathy, what does it mean?
What can I do
as my own footsteps
shuffle anxiously up my spine.

The radio plays on
heavy, slow
where are we going
where will we go?

What does it mean?

I peel an orange: we have to grin.

by Janet Joel Boring

UNTITLED

after the divorce
i kept on dancing
then the men who
wanted me to be
ready when they
came i live with
my son i wanted
a house with a
past something
going on roots
its hard for my
son to see men
in my life so i
keep things
separate i was
groomed for
marriage to set
a table arrange
flowers i
thought i was
happy came out
of myself when
we split i
started taking
photos mostly
of women all ages
i'm learning about
women a young
girl with her arm
raised the old
woman with thick
glasses on a swing teaches me
who i am

by Lyn Lifshin

PERFIDY

Because we committed
ourselves to paper

memory wouldn't have us

aborted words
forgot thoughts

never again
to trust tissue

the medulla
did a dance

the cerebellum
played hopscotch

with our hands

amnesia
is not a sickness:

it is betrayal.

by Karla M. Hammond

THE FIRST WEEK

piano from the green
room thru a hole
in the nectarine
glass moon in the
plack pine i've
grown poem trees
with ragged branches
scars and broken
maps the inked cities
washed away from
since that june
There never seem
to be enough houses
where there are
other people you
don't have to
touch all the time

by Lyn Lifshin

HAPPY THANKSGIVING/OR THREE SHORT GEOGRAPHIC AND SEQUENTIAL PORTRAITS ILLUSTRATING THE UNIVERSAL MONOTONY OF ALL HISTORY

I
(Quangtri, Republic of Vietnam, 1967)

in the ditch
right side of the road
going west
near Cam Lo,
one hardened (as a strip of beef jerky)
index
finger
& part of
an elbow.

II
(Big Piney, Wyoming, 1970)

i spied an old cowboy
blood under his nails
balding.

III
(New York City, 1974)

in New York City
on Canal Street
in a flea market
on a table center left
in a tray
on several thousand assorted nuts & bolts
with mustard & sauerkraut
a cold
half-eaten
hot dog.

by Don Shanley

SUMMER SONG OF LAMENT

sure I've felt like
the only cricket
in a forty acre field
the only cricket
that wants to fuck
the only cricket
rubbing its legs
furiously
the only cricket
humming and singing
beneath the stars

by Mark Willis

DANGER: FALLING ROCK

i'm the one
you have
to watch out
for the one
that is always
on the edge
of a ledge
waiting
to drop

as you're
driving
below me
don't
look up
don't
pause
to check
your map
a moment's
hesitation
can cost
you your life.

by Kathleen Charnock

PIECES OF YOU

are still
caught in my
nights I
imagine your
hair wake
up and I can
almost taste
it like the
blue smoke
we were
Your beads
don't cool
my hands If
i sleep I
dream I'm
that half of
a geode left
wondering
where what
was whole
went

by Lyn Lifshin

HOUSE CLEANING

She sucks her tongue and gathers juices.
There is no mouth that is cleaner
for she revels in house cleaning.

Her cat has lost interest in that.
She lays aside
abandoned to the sucking kittens

who soak her stomach.
But the whole house vibrates
as she twists her robe and chatters dry teeth.

She has begun
the change where everything
bristles; the wood is sprayed wet with blood.

the carpet scraped by her nails.
And when her husband returns home,
her hair

stands straight from her skull
and she threatens with a knife,
a madwoman who has been dried, drained.

by Tim Van Schmidt

CHRIST AND THE WOMAN TAKEN IN ADULTERY
FOR A PAINTING BY BRUEGHEL

he's scratching out something
on the sidewalk
a kind of divine graffiti
mary sucks cocks
with her socks on
while the woman in question
shimmers and shivers
with an afterlove tender droop
of the eyelids

there are witnesses
christ never worked in secret
a notary to make it official
a reporter to document it
a make up man to clear away
his five oclock stubble
shooting was finished at eight
at eight thirty they sent out
for pizza

by Kathleen Charnock

LETTER TO SOMEONE WHO SAID IT WAS
THE MOON MADE THINGS SO CRAZY

i couldnt come
i had to put
cloth on the
moon eat
the phone

rain in every

chestnuts look
like porcupine

babies i need i mean
to read your

the cloth's slipping

by Lyn Lifshin

WHAT I HAVE DONE

I am a cancer,
that coldest grief:
I have named the etiquette
of despair, and am perfecting
the proper cancerous crawl
into the heart.
I am the invader,
threading her poison home.

I began in the air he breathed
and spread inside, a black thing
of spider proportions. Those cracks
in the skin

are only me, -
only my endless fingers.
They fall like snakes
into the red, red heart.

by Susan Scibetta

POEM FOR DAVID

intuit: in to it

by Mark Willis

SURE YES NO

yes, i received your letter yesterday. i read it. other events,
of course. a going-to-work in the afternoon in order to be there
early the next morning. then the possible/that is, even the ocean
begins a kind of third rate 4/4 bashing. it is all around. it is
sex. it has clouds over it some are faster. four turkey buzzards
an osprey the end of the day a funny day he said.

a crippled angus calf speck on the window stumbling eight birds
the fence row the calf will die. the birds will eat the dead calf.
the record will be changed. dinner. i used to worry he said i
worry about it he said. more clouds pass. gradations of green.
bones. swallows warble cliches.

the calf on two legs two front legs down the record has been changed
hello don she said i climbed the stairs.

the same old thing. a loaf of bread. haircuts. sure yes no.
there is alot of space in South Dakota. earthen dams leak. big
earthen dams leak big. Goya wore a top hat in his only self-portrait.
there is more light in the kitchen since i cut down the pittosporums.
there was a nest in the tallest pittosporum. there was fresh shit
in the nest. a thrush lived there. the nest was made of sofa
stuffing and silver tinsel. i put it back in a tree. the thrush
moved.

the stereo is louder now. the music isn't familiar but it reminds
me of a singles bar i've never frequented.

there is alot of misunderstanding. some are misunderstood.
others stand. he stood. a sense of purpose. harder to stay.
louder. NOT FITTING. New Orleans. Charleston. the music stops.
the voices cease. the music starts. more voices. louder. laughs.
it would be a good experience. if i had to. turn off the floor
pads if you walk around the house. i take the bread and run. my
laundry is folded. feet are stomped. the calf rises and rushes
a buzzard. the buzzard flies—jump flight.

deep breathing. effortlessly. haying. hemmingway, everyone of
his cattle had a chain necklace with a brass disc registration
number. the calf is down. the wind is an exaggeration. the
ocean is pretentious. a baby cries. a dog barks. the record
is changed. more feet. louder. the wind is a cold exaggeration.
i rise to put on a sweater.

peanut butter.

clouds.

folded laundry.

by Don Shanley

MOSAIC

The pattern of our lives
has led us here. The
shake of dust from cloth.
The sweep of broom to rug.
A finer order is the mind,
busy are the hands turning
out their chores as songs
bringing in the sun, bathing
floors & walls. If only
they might reach the soul
as unicorns—sleek cirrus
shadows cast upon the land
immortal dreams, in ritual
in/habit.

by Karla M. Hammond

UNTITLED

I have run for so long,
but I

have stopped at last
to inspect this world.
Actually, I

am the capital city, and also

I must tell you, Maggie,
I ride home on every
boat that cuts
across the bay.

by Susan Scibetta

AFTER LANDSCAPES, A VIGNETTE

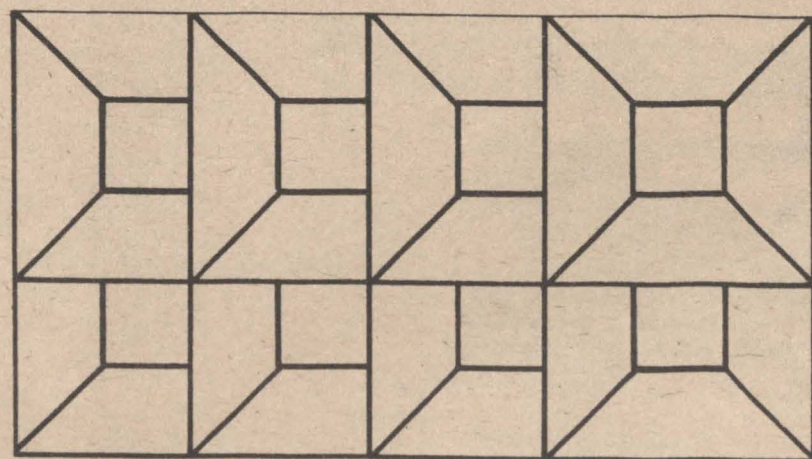
Paula holding
a diaper
stained, heavy
hanging weight
at its center.
The mother
greets me.

Josh stumbling
on fat
legs through
yard litter
mumbles my name,
incomprehensible to
all, save
those who know
Josh. Joyous
in the act
of naming.

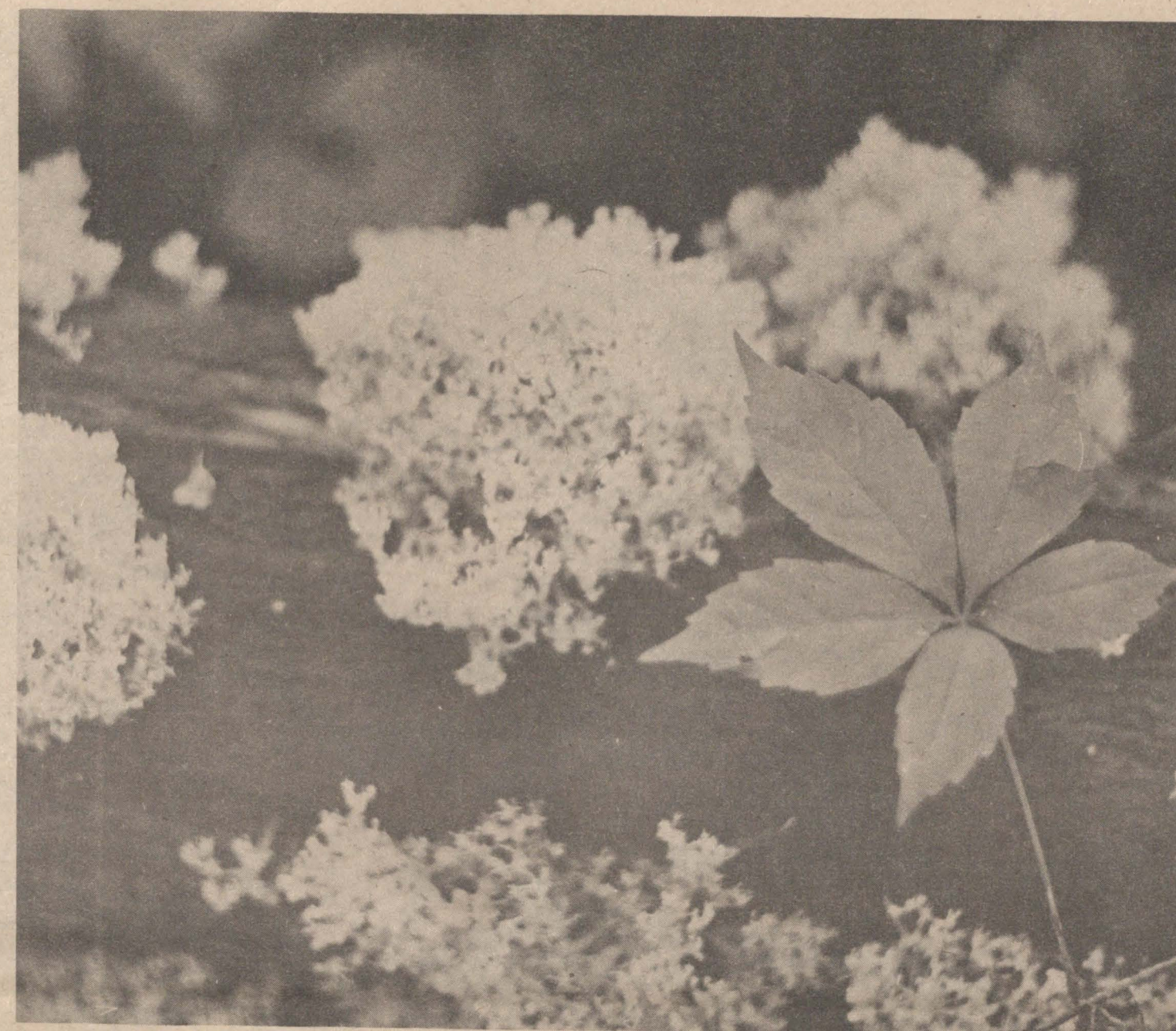
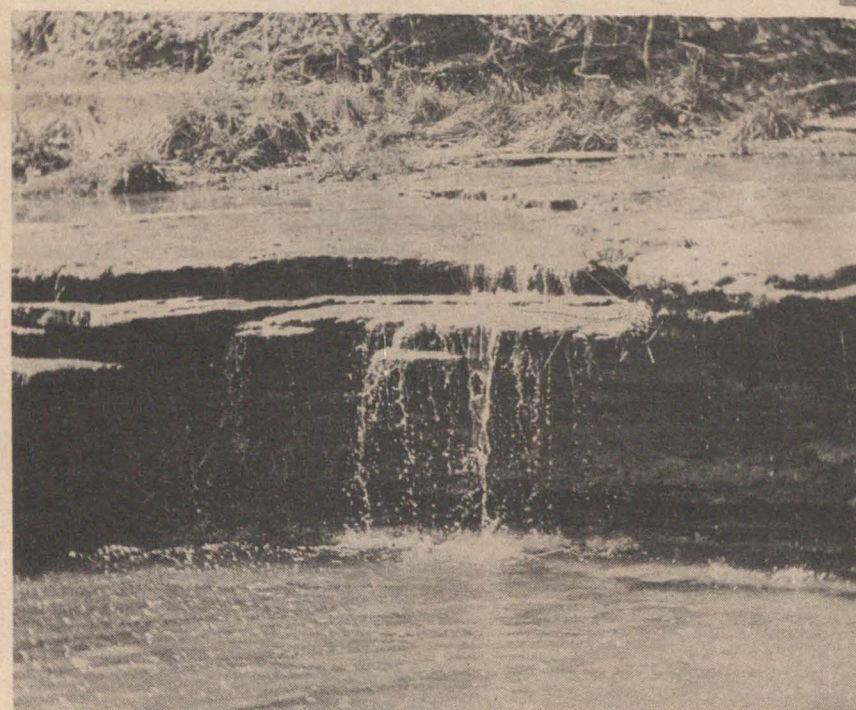
Jake standing
in juniper
shrubs giggles
at the impossibility
his task
demanded:
foot camouflaged
in bush
crotch, he
rises, blossoming
above us.

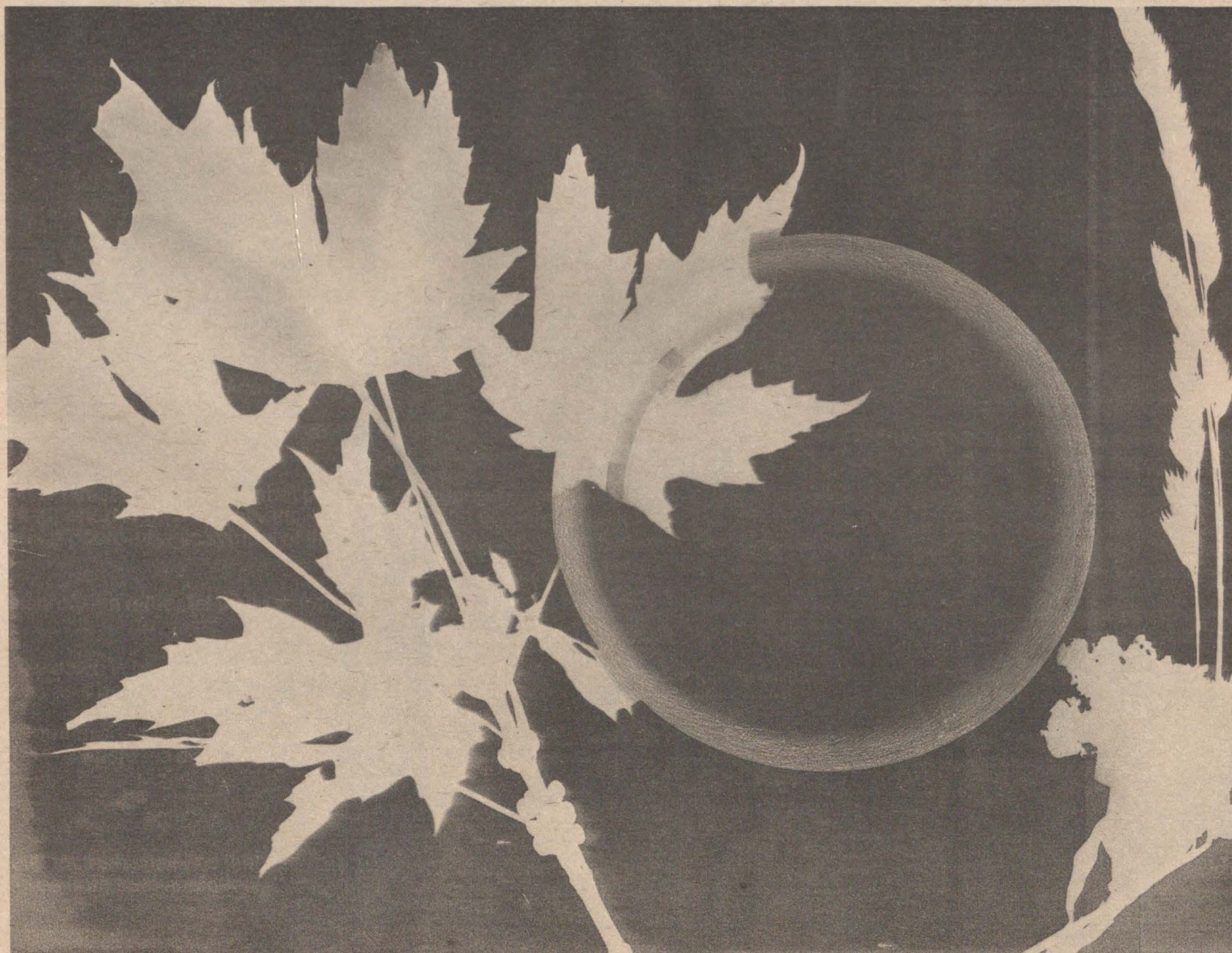
Grey
bearded Steve,
patriarchal stacking
kindling, strong
arms bowed back,
the father
pauses, shakes
my hand,
meets my eye,
returns to
his work,
his family.

by Sam McMillan



GALLERY BOB RECK





MORE ROPE

The end of another rope:
the end of the rope,
more rope,
a need for
more rope,
another rope

until at last
leaning
amongst the huge coils, these
manila'd dreams & Other
the greased hemp stacked
docksides, threaded through bald auto tires,
buffetees to floating steel hurls—
friction
burnt
rope,
charred taut & holding.

Sure, heap up the images.
Make them new.
Seize them from any nameless
Under
Where, as random current
river running all degrees,
the mil-scale inside out-above
worn
as solar directives.

But mooring, even as the noose
codifies the motion
is uncertain. The dock rots. In green shadow
of decomposing planks tiny marine larvae
neurotic crustaceans aware of the submerged imbalance,
aware of Ethics Ideals
endless mushy mysticisms (the translucent flesh
a stinging jellied viscous flotsam)
and Idea (the banana slug's jaundiced movement
across the fossil oil-thick macadam
headlong into spring nettles)—

these scaled bits of space continuous,
stasis clusters, a loss of motion, endpoint degeneracies of
elastic distance, lukewarm and glacial
this procrastination of mass
lost in bathwater.

The end of the rope:
more rope,
a need for
more rope,
another rope.
The end of another rope.

by Don Shanley

A PRESCRIPTION OF FABLES

Death and the Poetically Inclined Young Man.

The story is told of a young man who, strolling in easeful reverie,
came upon a dead butterfly.

Picking it up, he said to himself in the somewhat portentous language
of young men who happened to be poetically inclined a generation or
two ago: "Now here is a poem—tragic symbol of the poet and his
destined end."

But then slowly—leisurely—a rather fat white worm evolved from
its abdomen.

Throwing the butterfly down in revulsion, he wiped his hands upon the
nearest leaves. It was as if he had been defiled.

At the same time he muttered: "Death isn't poetic. It's disgusting!
Yes—that's what it is—a waste—a disgusting waste—a damned
indecent!"

MORAL

Who utters truth shall find that he
Achieves both truth and poetry.

by Leon Diamond

UNTITLED

One but Other
as Same as Yellow
the shoes yellow tiny heels
the hose yellow stretching dimpled knees yellow
the skirt full yellow
the blouse tight yellow collarless yellow
the beads strung yellow seventeen collared yellow
the bag over the left yellow shoulder yellow
the pallor of the face yellow
the hair yellow
in the left hand extending fallow
in front of the yellow blouse yellow
and yellow beads
twelve King Alfreds full bloom
yellow as daffodils yellow

Shape (waiting walk-light
Powell & Geary)
as Being
is yellow.
The yet
the generally agreed upon method
of deliniating this time the month
from Other March
as yellow the day the first yellow
as shoes as hose as knee as skirt as blouse
as head as bag as face as hair as King Alfred
as yellow

by Don Shanley

THE HIDING PLACE

I am less sure now
the eggburst sun
sirening me from sleep
dreams a skin
of mothwings
blessing darkness
with the light
I am less sure now
a year has found us out.

by Karla M. Hammond

UNTITLED

I build myself a corner
to come out punching from.
I adjust my cement knuckles.
I throw my jeans in a pile, and put on
a bathrobe that calls me Killer.
Giving a furious stamp, I snort like a bull.
I glower, size it all up.
I grunt.
My sneakers dash fiercely
into the fray,
but suddenly they start

to do the Charleston. Everything
comes right in. My knuckles
clack together in a snappy refrain.
It's just so catchy,

my face snakes
into a syncopatic grin. My jeans jump out
of that gloomy pile and imitate somebody dancing.

by Susan Scibetta

WINTER SONG OF LAMENT

two cardinals sitting
in a tree by the porch
fat irresponsible
I've overfed them I know
because they're red
and I wanted company
in Ohio
this winter

by Mark Willis

THE ALMOST-FORGOTTEN

i line them up on my wall
seven wanted posters display
profiles, full front faces
cracked teeth, bald eyes

dante didn't know about this

shipwrecked sailors have smelled
it though, in that last heaving sob
of a breath, pain mingled with
salt water and the remembered scent
of day old love beds

that's the goodness of it

all seven have slushed down
the same vaselined corridor
all seven have left their tracks
on the murky bottom
they might have been antelope
or giant grizzlies eluding a huntress
they might have gathered around
my camp and warmed their young by my fire
they might have tasted my smoke
instead of my ashes

by Kathleen Charnock

MEN AND PUBLISHERS

the littler they are
the more they try
to make you

they have to be
the biggest pricks

by Lyn Lifshin

WISHING YOU A SOTTO VOCE NERVOUS BREAKDOWN

for emma on her third

not another of your falsetto harpoons
slinging thru the fog
at midday

dont send me those unguided missiles
that are never quite sure
of their trajectory
or destination

(but are always high-pitched
and nervous-sounding
a series of squeaks following them
like the twin trails of a wake)

the window that tried
unsuccessfully to frame your voice
is now having trouble with its angles
and fears for its rectangularity

your music makes it want to assume
an obscene posture
and slither down the side of the house.

by Kathleen Charnock

A PHOTOGRAPH OF FATHER ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF NEW YORK

Outside a home of bricks and crystal
Stands this married man: to know
Poverty; oblivion in the crowded void of city streets;
Something more than bronze plaques behind his shining corporate
desk.
And his was a poor death; dying where
Money stops; his shame blinks
At the moon.

The old deer wakes. The giant stillness
Smooths the sky's blue bald dome. It is not
Horrible to die. My typewriter gleams
In the drought. I shall act
Always. I think of the name of my secretary;
She hides her clean teeth and makes no motion
At a mountain—and we cry. It is cold
And the grain lies drying in the field.

The old buck gains its feet—the moon dries
Its hard mouth with the anarchy of death.
I act; we musn't wake up later or yesterday,
And play always.

by Sam McMillan

FOR SOMEONE WHO SPYS THRU MY POEMS AND LETTERS IS JEALOUS OF ANY MONEY I SPEND ON MY HOUSE AND WON'T CALL MY CAT ANYTHING BUT MONSTER

MAYBE I'M HAVING

an affair with my

house pulling the
wood down on me

I like it with the
lights down low

and no one else may
be the leaves for

company If i
feed the house

and keep it warm
I don't think

it will leave

by Lyn Lifshin

love i'm not going
to stop writing
letters listen
in if you want
on the phone it
could be men
an army of them
maybe the trees
in some poems
are really a
penis be jealous
but i'm going
to keep my house
my cat and my
money—at least
enough to buy
stamps and that
my baby is that

by Lyn Lifshin

UNTITLED

time
like
longing
to vacation in Switzerland
derails
the certainty

we hire chinese laborers
and tawny-haired irishmen
for hammering the spikes
into another track—

to catch the last train
that left from
the Promontory Point station

by Cindy Shearer

TAKING STOCK, THE FARMER HAS HIS MOMENT OF DOUBT

Should I follow the stone's example;
sit tight in summer, inconspicuous, useless
shoulders in cool earth;
consoled by immortality
at a cow's high-clover nonchalance.
Next winter, when this field is fallow,
when you are hung up on meat hooks,
dressed out, skinned and quartered,
I will persist, a survivor, frozen into place;
a delicate flower of frost on a granite face.

by Sam McMillan

WILD UNEXPLORED TERRAIN

by Sue Scibetta

My intention is to describe my recent experience in a "Sexual Awareness" workshop at the Dayton Women's Center. But every time I try, I write something else—a poem, random insights, a scrap of fiction, doodles of houses with mysterious smoke squiggling from the chimneys. Some of it is interesting, some is useful, but none of it has anything to do with sexual awareness or the Women's Center.

In a way, this strange detour parallels my experience in the Sexual Awareness class. During the first session, we found that we would be keeping journals, as part of the self-exploration we were each beginning. Our first step was to write in the journal three personal goals for being in the course. I recorded my goals as fairly sexual in nature, although using the term "sexual" broadly. Eight weeks later, in our last meeting, we each re-examined our original goals and evaluated how successful we had been in achieving them. But by then, I discovered, my original goals felt almost beside the point, somehow premature or inappropriate. The group experience had defined its/my own goals. It answered needs I did not know I had, but which were going unmet and causing me dissatisfaction and pain. What took place in the group was healing; the main procedures were honesty and friendship. What happened was that I got what I really needed, but sort of by accident.

The group's work shaped itself through the weeks. We started as ten strangers; an atmosphere of openness and trust gradually developed. The class structure basically consisted of individually written exercises which a woman named Mary guided us through, sometimes followed by a discussion. (All these names are fictional; the group preferred I not mention their real names.) There was never pressure to participate when a person chose not to. Instead, Mary taught us to use the direct but mutually respectful phrase "I don't wish to share that with you now," rather than lies or evasion. I continue to find this approach invaluable in everyday relationships, when I try to express my own needs without being hostile or defensive.

Mary continually revealed a great capacity for warmth and honesty. She described her role not as a leader or instructor, but as a guide to help us explore our own selves. Her willingness to reveal herself was something I think we each tried to develop in ourselves. Mary expressed her conviction that generalities about "female sexuality" are useless or destructive; that what we were to deal with was our own individual experience. As I heard her, she felt that whatever we needed to learn was not anything magical or foreign, but mostly feelings and knowledge buried inside. She also brought in outside resources which might be helpful. Mary took part in each exercise with us, sharing her own findings as a class member.

The "assignments" we carried out seemed like introductions to ourselves. An early assignment was to answer in our journals "How do you see yourself sexually at this point in your life?" As a second exercise we condensed that paragraph to one sentence. Finally we reduced that sentence to one word, summarizing how we saw ourselves sexually at that point in our lives. During the last class, we went through the same three exercises, again ending up with a single word describing ourselves sexually at that later point. Comparing those two final words brought sharply into focus what growth, if any, the group experience had promoted. One member moved from "inhibited" to "experimenting"; another from "afraid" to "accept-

ing"; a third from (feeling) "fear" to "blooming." Two members ended with the same word each time—"dis-covering" to "dis-covering," and "hanging" to "suspended."

The most uncomfortable exercise involved writing about the most important sex trauma of your life, whatever experience you felt most affected your sexuality or was the most hurtful. You were to describe the experience as completely as possible, including physical setting, the characters' ages, what they wore, what you felt and said—everything you could remember. The next step was to describe this experience fully to another group member whom you chose. Most of us had never completely shared the effects that our devastating sexual experiences had had upon us.

Sandy became very upset and tearful in writing this exercise. When several women expressed their concern to her, she decided to share her experience with the whole group. She described being sixteen, pregnant and sent away by her parents for several months to have the child. Most of us cried, along with her, as she described her feelings of isolation and fear, and her sorrow at giving up her child for adoption. Joan, who was regularly breast-feeding her own child during this period, said that her milk began to flow as Sandy described her longing to keep her baby. After Sandy had finished and we were each exploring our own reactions to hearing about her experience, most of us expressed surprise and satisfaction that we were able to experience another person's pain so deeply.

The most enjoyable exercise took place during our last meeting. Seated in our usual circle, we first wrote our name on a clean page in our journal, then passed our journal to the person on our right. That person then wrote in the journal a comment about something that they honestly found physically attractive about the journal's owner. Then we passed that journal to the person on our right, who also wrote a comment about something they found physically attractive about the journal's owner. This continued until everyone had written in everyone else's journal. I tell you, it was dynamite when those journals came home.

The class structure was fairly flexible. In one class, Beth mentioned the value of the assertiveness training which she had recently been through. We were all interested, particularly in its applicability to sexual difficulties, so Beth planned a presentation to show us what she had learned. For me, the most startling and useful idea (in or out of the sexual sphere) was the concept of "Every Person's Bill of Rights." These included:

1. The right to be treated with respect.
2. The right to have and express your own feelings.
3. The right to be listened to and taken seriously.
4. The right to set your own priorities.
5. The right to say no without feeling guilty.
6. The right to ask for what you want, knowing that others have the right to refuse.
7. The right to get what you pay for.
8. The right to ask for information from professionals.
9. The right to make mistakes, the right to fail.
10. The right to choose not to be assertive.

Beth made copies of this "Bill of Rights" for each of us, and suggested that we place it somewhere we could encounter it often throughout the day (in your main desk drawer at the office; over the bathroom sink, etc.) I want to pass the suggestion on to anyone who wants to take better control of their life, whether in its sexual or non-sexual aspects.

Mary also shared her library of books, many of them unique and worthwhile aids in self-discovery. I particularly want to mention one astonishing creative work, "Liberating Masturbation."

Betty Dodson is a pioneer in a wild unexplored terrain: the female body. I think she must be a very strong and honest person. (How many others would or could create a "slide show of split beaver for feminists"?) In 1974 she wrote and illustrated "Liberating Masturbation: A Meditation on Self-Love." (For information about obtaining a copy, I suggest contacting the publishers, Bodysex Designs, P. O. Box 1933, New York, N.Y. 10001.) The book is fascinating, offering such special gifts as her fifteen imaginative (but accurate) and detailed portraits of different women's genitals. She shows their tremendous variety, and makes us realize how each "suggests associations with nature—flowers, leaves, a petal, a mysterious cave, a shell . . ."

I find it hard to resist Betty Dodson's description of herself, at 44, finally ending her lifelong "sado-masochistic love affair" with her hair. "The electric shaver buzzed . . . (I) looked into the mirror—I broke out into peals of laughter and delight! There was this little old Japanese man laughing back at me." The accompanying photograph of the merry shaved-headed woman with a strong and shapely body conveys sharply her delight with herself and her world.

"We become crippled human beings," Betty Dodson says of women. "Our pelvises are severely locked. Our shoulders are frozen forward. Our genitals are made repulsive to us and a source of constant discomfort . . . (We) put down masturbation and overt displays of healthy female sexuality . . . Since so many of us are afflicted with self-loathing, bad body images, shame . . . and confusion about sex and pleasure, I recommend an intense love affair with yourself. We can then move into positions of self-love, strength and pleasure . . . We can only give and receive love when we feel good and loving about ourselves, otherwise we operate with desperate negative needs from self-hatred." Every time I read the book it is an energizing experience, different each time. Sometimes it increases my self-acceptance and self-love. Sometimes it fills me with the energy of fear.

As a farewell ritual we passed around a glass of Mary's home-made wine and made any last comments to individuals or the group.

The very last exercises included taking time to answer in our journals: What aspect of my sexuality do I want to give attention to now? What is the next step in my own personal growth? What obstacles do I find in taking this step? What quality or qualities do I need to develop to overcome these obstacles?

I want to urge any person who is interested in learning about their sexuality to try this type of approach. I found the format of the "Sexual Awareness" classes (which take place regularly at the Dayton Women's Center), offering the example of a warm, non-sexist "therapist" and the support of others involved in the same process, to be of particular value. The Women's Center also offers assistance and classes in other vital matters, including assertiveness training, self-defense, politics of feminism, women in transition (divorce and separation), auto mechanics, careers (job re-entry), yoga, home repair, and others.

My single experience with what the Women's Center has to offer has been powerful and precious.

HAND ME DOWN

by Bob Bricker

Come to me my dream girl.

My father left the house in the morning darkness and returned in the late evening to sit like a great hunk of fatigued factory grime at the supper table. He would eat fast, his hands reaching across the width of the table for the potatoes, never saying pass the potatoes please, and they would splop splop on his plate and then disappear into his mouth. He would leave again, then. Escape to the small garage behind the house where he would hammer and drill and saw as if in imitation of the sounds of the factory day, and my mother would clear the table and say finish your homework now, Davey, and then to bed with you.

I would hear my father in the morning, the splash of the hot water for his shave, the sips of black coffee that my mother had just made, and I would hear him in the evening, the steady back and forth scratching of his saw and it would follow me to sleep while my mother read by herself in the faint yellow glow of the living room.

She moved like an imagined actress approaching a moss-covered stage. The spotlight haloed her silver outline and she spoke in crystal clearness while her rice paper gown flowed smoothly from her shoulders.

In the morning my clothes would be draped over the wooden chair in front of my bed. Clean and freshly pressed, they would wait for the first light of morning to warm them, while specks of dust floated past the slatted blinds. In the winter I would stand on the register to dress and look through the window at the tracks made in the snow by my father's car. When it blew, I would watch them fill slowly again with the dirtied snow, and many times they were already filled with no trace of ever having been formed. They would lead to the road, when not already blown shut, and from there they would follow my father until he arrived at work and wait patiently to follow him back again in the evening.

My mother moved slowly around the table, setting my breakfast before me, walked with a numb pain in her legs that caused her to look always tired, or as if she had just received news of a family death late at night and was deciding whether to wake my father or to let him sleep. My father kissed her before he left for work, once, and I pretended not to notice.

Mitch was my height, and weighed no more, and I had never fought him. His presence was always dominant among us and some had fought him and all had lost and now they walked further behind him, listening to his stories of how he hated the teachers and how they questioned him and slapped him when one of the teachers found Fuck You written across the forehead of the Virgin Mary statue. He told us the things he was planning to do, and to whom, and mostly the actions were towards the Sisters of the school. And he told us what they really did late at night, when they were alone, and the words came out like the cheap paper that the pictures of the naked women were printed on and that he sometimes carried under his jacket.

She walked lightly across the stage. Her golden thonged feet hardly crushing the delicate moss. The spotlight shone through her gown, silhouetting her body and she wisked the rice paper around her showing the tightness of her breasts and reflecting the glittering white light of her eyes.

Mitch could use his father's car on Friday nights and we would drive through town with the bottles of beer held low in our laps, and solemn expressions on our faces as we passed the police station. We would head out of town, then. Drive the country roads and drink and throw the bottles out the window at the bridges and crossing signs, and Mitch told us what he did with Donna and how she moaned and said no but he did it anyway. Right there he said, motioning to the back seat where I was sitting. They always say no but they really want it. He crushed a bottle on the road and I took another sip of my warm beer and pictured the both of them and how Donna looked lying naked under him. And I tried to imagine how it would feel to lie on top of her, and if I would do it correctly, and if it really felt the way Mitch said it felt, and how she would moan and say that word, no.

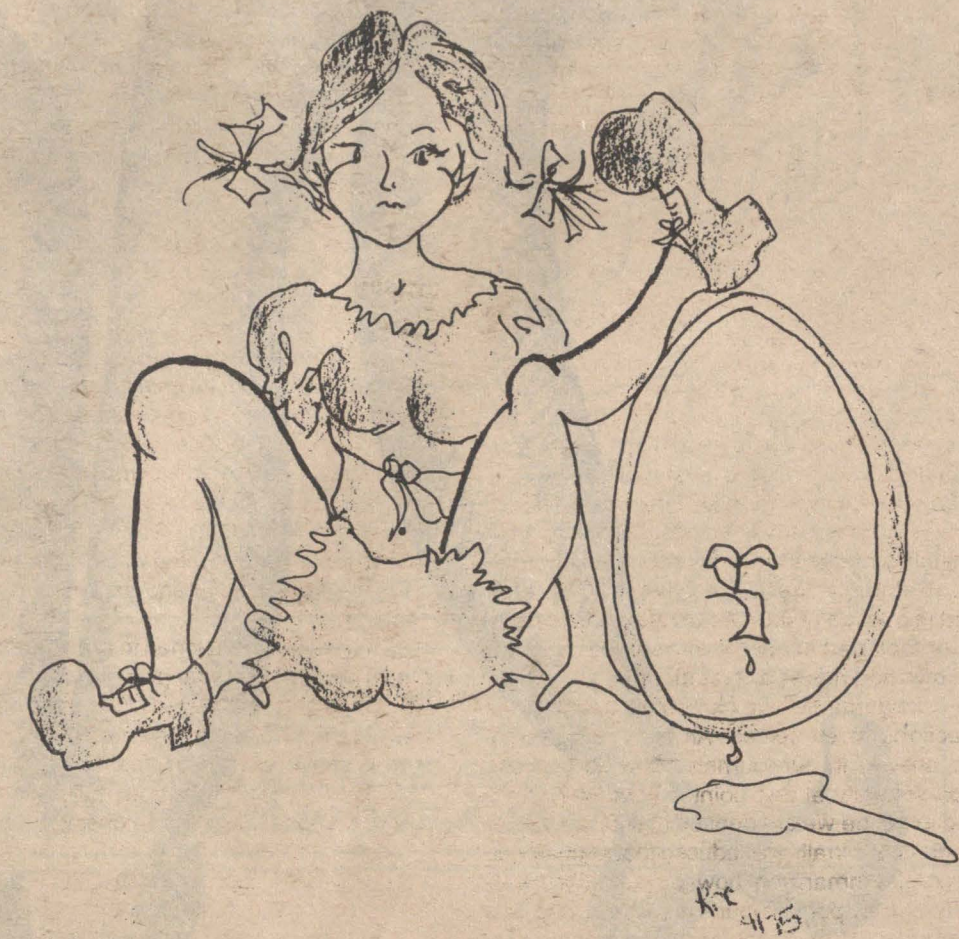
Her name was Kathy and she didn't know Mitch but she knew Donna, and she was very thin and sat with her shoulders slumped forward like a small baby, and her breasts were lost in her slouching. Mitch passed the whiskey and she tipped it to her lips but she did not drink. She laughed when she lowered the bottle and said, whew, and put her fingers to her forehead and pretended to enjoy the burning in her stomach that was not there. I took a drink and passed it to Mitch but they had ducked down and I heard the zipper and the sound of the front seat sliding back in its tracks and Kathy was silent as Donna tried to slide the towel under herself. She did not say no, but started moving with Mitch and Kathy began shaking gently. I felt it transfer to me as I reached for the

handle and pulled her out, all the time looking to the front seat as if they had just disappeared and the sound was not really there. I walked her home with distance between us.

My mother began to take short rests during the day. She carried a small bottle of aspirin in the pocket of her dress and she covered her legs with blankets that hid an occasional heat pad and she said, no, it's nothing, must be the drafts, get me a pillow please, Davey. And she covered her eyes with her arm, and in the evenings she sometimes rubbed the sides of her head while my father's hammering filtered through the darkness. She dragged herself around the house, and once, she lost her balance and grabbed my arm as we passed in the hallway. Mitch called and said come on, I've got whiskey. Donna has a friend and I know a deserted house and she does it but I said no.

She stood close to the floodlights, tall and beautiful and she faced me and her eyes looked into mine, burning them with the warm liquid that filled my body.

She was fat and I was drunk and I do not remember her name. Her hair strung out across the dirty pillow in twines of grease and she said move move move. The sheets were yellowed and crimsoned in a hundred small spots and smelled like dust in a damp basement. I tried to tell if it felt the way Mitch once said and I imagined that it did. Her legs were cocked high, and I was sweating and she said harder harder and I did it harder and faster bracing myself on the footboard and I



by Kathleen Charnock

matched her movements and I did it harder as hard as I could until I came and was yet propelled by her still moving body. I do not remember her name. I do not remember how hard I was.

My father left in the morning and returned in the evening and once I did not hear him sipping coffee, only the sound of his footsteps entering my room to say that she was dead.

Mitch called her a stupid bitch and slapped her while she cried and tried to explain that she wasn't that sure, it could be something else, but she had missed twice now and why hadn't he used something or pulled out or anything and maybe not to worry, she might lose it if she was. Mitch slapped her again and said you wanted it. You always want it. It's not mine, you can't prove that.

My father did not watch as they lifted her from the bed and placed her on the stretcher. He sat in the living room staring at the small pile of magazines beside her chair, and when they rolled the carriage past him, he reached down and touched the top magazine.

Her gown billowed in the soft invisible breeze as she raised her golden arms and held them out to me.

My father said help me, David.

Mitch had gone somewhere where Donna could not find him and say, yes he is the one, and I had no idea where he went but knew only that I didn't care. I spent time at home and Kathy said come over but I said no, I have to help my father. She said I understand and how are you managing and

can I help? Maybe, I said. She called often to see if I was doing things right. I didn't know. She said I can show you those things, and sometimes she came over and did the things I wasn't sure of.

Help me, David.

She came over and said *this* is how you do it. I can't believe you are doing it that way and she laughed and the shaking and nervousness was gone. And I touched her late at night, after my father had gone to bed, and she did not pull away. She said what you need, and then stopped and let me touch her again. She said what you need is someone to care for you and I said yes, that would be nice, but not right now. But she held me and said, are you sure, and she pulled me closer.

Help me, David.

My father quit work and spent the days going from room to room, from the house to the garage, a few cuts of the saw, then back to the house. Kathy came over in the late afternoon, cooked the supper, talked to my father, brought him books and magazines, made sure he was comfortable, and sat with him while he watched television. When he went to bed she would say good night and then come to me.

Help me, David.

She came to my bed and loved me and left before my father woke.

She continued to hold out her golden arms, and I watched as a faint glow grew in her palms and saw the glint in her eyes as the glow reached out for me.

My father left the house, at times, in the evenings. Walked to the garage where he began again to hammer and saw. After supper he would place his hand on her shoulder and say, a fine girl, David. Thank you Kathy. And he would leave for the garage, but not until saying what time he would be back and what time he would go to bed.

She would do the dishes and clear the table and look out the window to the lighted garage and say what a good person my mother was, how she cared for us, and how lucky she was to have had all this. She had forgotten Mitch, and Donna was a person who should have known better, and it was a shame but she didn't know where Donna was but it really didn't matter now that she had me. And she would smile and kiss me and say no, you don't have to help, it's perfectly all right, go make yourself comfortable. I'll be there later.

Her golden arms stretched from the stage, extending beyond themselves. The glow from her hands increased as her palms reached my face and cupped it firmly.

Kathy came to me after she finished and laid her head in my lap. You don't have to be doing this, I said. At times I wish you wouldn't. She started to lift her head but placed it back on my lap. She smiled. But I enjoy it, she said.

The light from her hands grew until it burned and dried my eyes but her grasp was firm, and after awhile I relaxed and allowed her to lift me to the stage and envelop me with her glowing body.

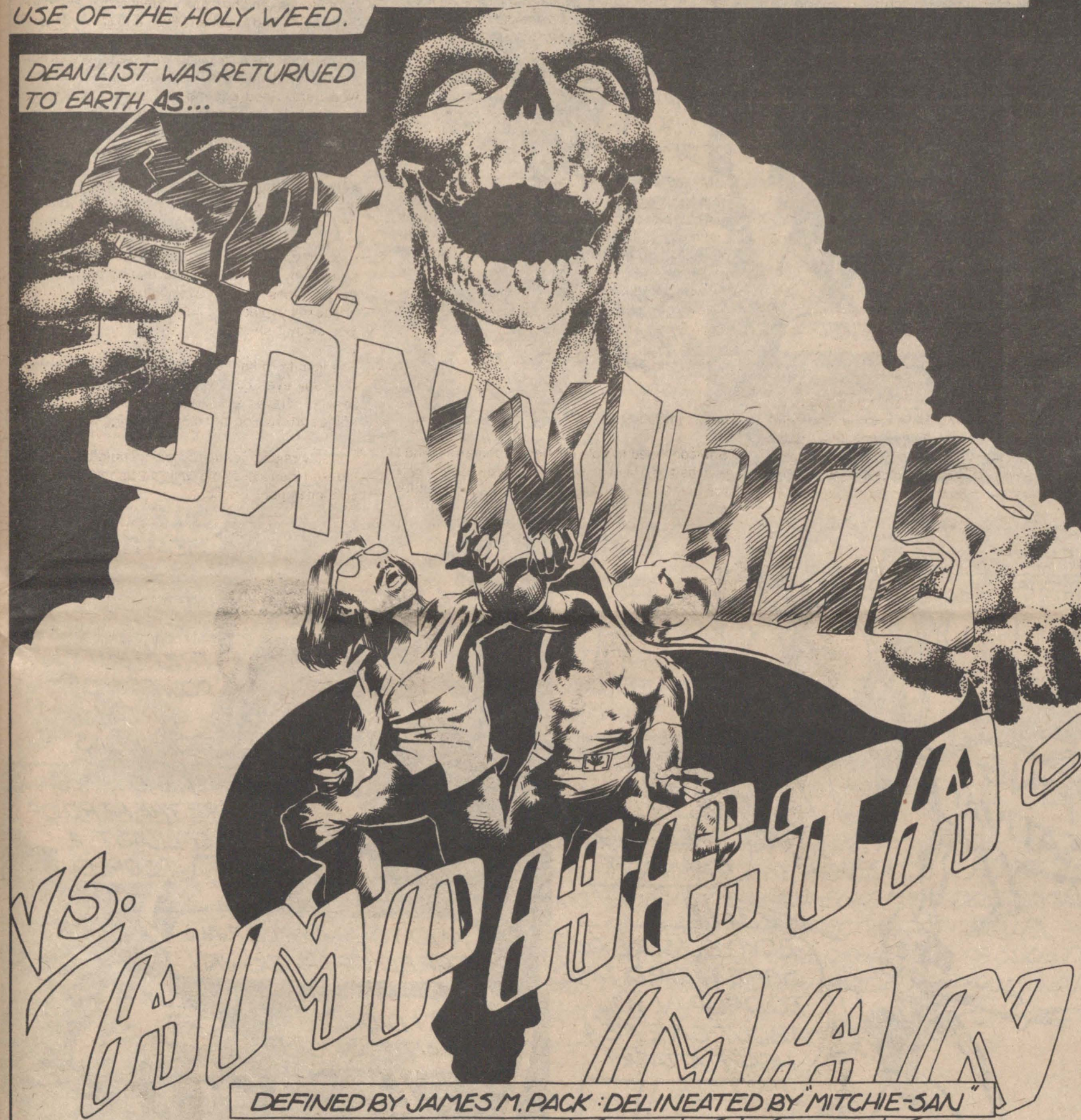
Kathy raised her head, said it could be a good life, and then kissed me while my father's hammer echoed through the night.



by Kathleen Charnock

AS YOU REMEMBER, IN "FANZINE '75" I*, DEAN LIST WAS SAVED FROM A CAR CRASH BY THE POWERS OF KING SATIVA (RULER OF THE MYSTIC REALM OF MARAJUANA). IN RETURN FOR THIS KING SATIVA GAVE HIM MYSTIC POWERS AND SENT HIM BACK TO EARTH TO BATTLE THOSE WHO WOULD PROHIBIT THE USE OF THE HOLY WEED.

DEAN LIST WAS RETURNED TO EARTH AS...



DEFINED BY JAMES M. PACK DELINEATED BY MITCHIE-SAN

EDITORS NOTE: THE CONTENTS OF THIS COMIC IS PURE COMIC FICTION. IT, IN NO WAY, ADVOCATES THE USE OF ANY KIND OF MIND EXPANDING DRUGS. THE CHARACTERS AND PLACES ARE FICTITIOUS... ANY RESEMBLANCE TO ACTUAL PLACES AND PEOPLE IS AN OUT-A-SIGHT COINCIDENCE.

THIS HAD BETTER BE SOME
DECENT DOPE!



I AIN'T NEVER
PAID \$35.00 FOR
NOTHING. NOT
EVEN GOOD STUFF!



THAT'S ONE HELL
OF A NICE JOINT!
YOU OUGHTA GO
INTO BUSINESS
DEAN OLD BOY!



SHIT!
DROPPED A
PIECE!!

ONE DROPPED PIECE
OF WACKY TABACKY

AND FROM THAT PARTICLE
RISES...

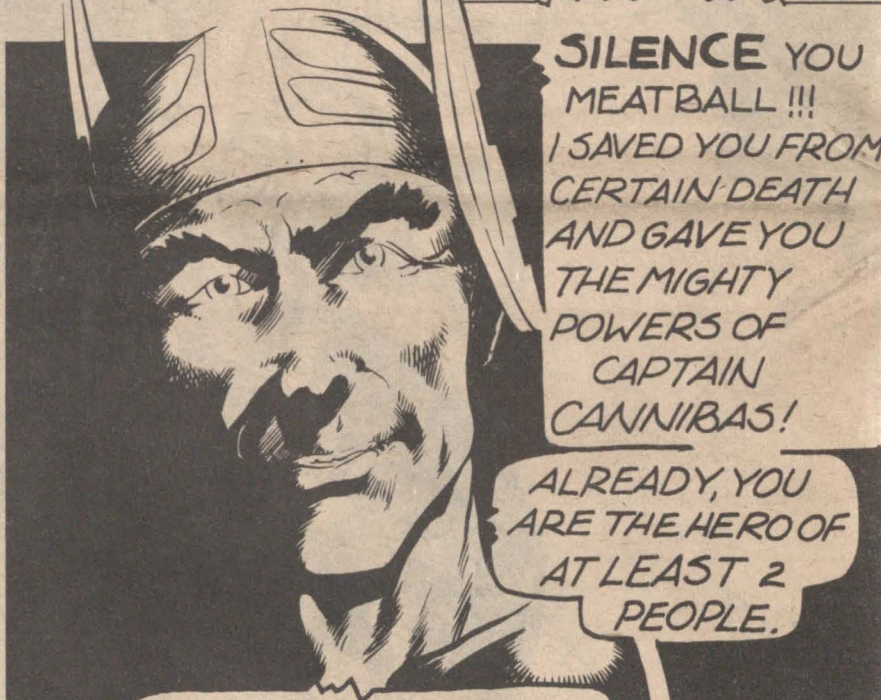


KING
SATIVA!

GREETINGS
DEAN LIST.

BOY! YOU SURE PICK
SOME WEIRD TIMES
TO DROP IN. YOU
ABOUT GAVE ME A
HEART ATTACK!

BESIDES, YOU MADE
ME DROP MY JOINT.



SILENCE YOU
MEATBALL!!!
I SAVED YOU FROM
CERTAIN DEATH
AND GAVE YOU
THE MIGHTY
POWERS OF
CAPTAIN
CANINIBAS!

ALREADY, YOU
ARE THE HERO OF
AT LEAST 2
PEOPLE.

AND YOU HAVE LET ALL
THREE OF US DOWN!

BUT I DIDN'T
DO ANYTHING!

YOUR
RIGHT!



YOU HAVE NOT DONE
ANYTHING SINCE THAT
AWESOME POWER AND
FEAR STRIKING COSTUME
WAS GIVEN TO YOU!!



SILENCE DOOF!
FOR YOU I HAVE
A MISSION OF
GREAT IMPORTANCE!

PEOPLE ARE TURNING FROM
ME AND MY WAYS. THEY ARE
NOT FINDING SOLISICE IN MY
MARIJUANA. INSTEAD, THEY
ARE POPPING PILLS!

COSTUME'S
AT THE
CLEANERS.

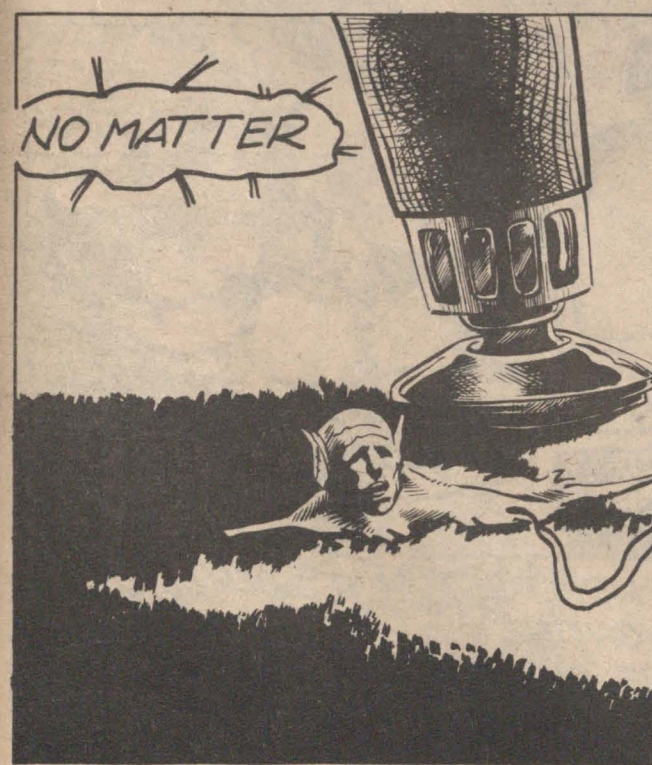
LITTLE
PLANETS!
WOW!

OUTTA
SIGHT!

YEAH! I TOOK SOME
PILLS ONCE. 9 CONTACTS
TO BE EXACT! THEY HAD
TO TAKE ME TO THE
HOSPITAL AND PUMP
MY STOMACH!

DID YOU LEARN
YOUR LESSON?

SURE DID!
CAUGHT A
COLD TOO!



NO MATTER

GO TO JEFFERSON UNIVERSITY. THERE YOU
WILL FIND A DARK, EVIL PRESENCE. A FOBODING,
SINISTER ENTITY, WHO SELLS MIND DESTROYING
PILLS TO THOSE UNSUSPECTING STUDENTS.
YOU MUST STOP HIS EVIL DEGRADING OF SOCIETY.
SEND THEM ON THE RIGHT ROAD, CAPTAIN, SEND
THEM BACK TO ME MY POOR SUFFERER

I GUESS THERE'S NO WAY OUT BUT...

ONCE THE MYSTIC WORDS ARE SPOKEN, DEAN LIST BECOMES...

CAPTAIN CANNIBAS

OOH! WHAT A RUSH! I SHOULD DO THAT MORE OFTEN!

NONE CAN WITHSTAND MY POWER!

FAR OUT

WITH A DASH OF SUPERSONIC SPEED...

CAP'S FEET LIFT GRACEFULLY FROM THE GROUND...

AND WHOOSH INTO THE AIR...

BUT

AND NOW IT'S UP...UP.

OOH SHIT! THIS SUPER-STUFF AIN'T ALL WHAT IT'S CRACKED UP TO BE.

AND...

COULD'VE SWORN THAT I COULD FLY! GUESS I'LL HAVE TO...

SPOOF!

TAKE A BUS.

16 CUY HTS...E7

HMM...

BIGGOT!

THIS IS THE PLACE!

WHAT SAMATTA LADY? DONCHA LIKE GUYS IN COSTUMES?

I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW, SOME OF MY **BEST** FRIENDS WEAR COSTUMES!

BUT YOU WON'T LET YOUR DAUGHTER MARRY ONE, RIGHT?!

IT'S HER LIFE. AS LONG AS SHE LOVES HIM!

C'MON BUD! MOVE IT!

DESIST EVIL ONE! CAPTAIN CANNIBAS IS HERE!!!

I SAID **STOP IT! DAMNIT!**

WHO'S THAT?

THAT'LL BE TEN BUCKS DOPE.

NO SWEAT JUST PUT IT ON MY BILL.

THESE BROAD SHOULDERS SURE DO GET IN THE WAY

YOU'VE SEALED YOUR DOOM CANNIBAS!

FOR NOW YOU SEE THE FACE OF...

AMPHETA-MAN

WHATEVER! YOU WILL STOP SELLING THOSE CHEMICALS TO KIDS... OR I WILL HAVE TO STOP YOU!

STOP ME IF YOU CAN FOOL! BUT, BEWARE MY POWER!

SHIT, WHO NEEDS SUPER WEAPONRY! AN INJECTION OF KNUCKLES WORKS JUST AS WELL.

BUT AMPHETA-MAN IS FAST TO HIS FEET,
SLASHING FIERCELY WITH HIS DRIPPING
HYPODERMIC!



NO ONE KNOCKS
ME DOWN AND...



IZZAT SO?
IT JUST SHOWS
YOU...

YOU'RE STARTING TO
BELIEVE IN YOUR OWN
DREAMS!



C'MON BUNKY...
I DIDN'T HIT YOU
THAT HARD!



AW JEEZ! THE LI'L GUY FELL
ON HIS OWN NEEDLE!
LET THAT BE A LESSON
TO YA...

YOU CAN ALWAYS GET
HOOKED ON SPEED,
OR IN YOUR CASE...
STABBED.



WELL KID, DID
YOU LEARN
YOUR LESSON?

SURE DID!
CAUGHT A
COLD TOO!



I AIN'T GONNA DROP OR SHOOT
NO MORE! WHENEVER I FEEL
SOCIAL PRESSURES COMING
DOWN ON ME, I'LL JUST GO AN'
SMOKE A JOINT.

SAY, WHO
WAS THAT
MASKED
MAN?

I DON'T KNOW
BUT HE GAVE
ME THIS SILVER
JOINT.

C'MON, I'M BEGINNING
TO FEEL AN ATTACK OF
SOCIAL PRESSURES.

Last Page News

ATLANTA—Researchers at the Institute for Communicable Disease Research believe they have discovered the cause of the Reaganite disease, which has killed 33 Reagan delegates to the Republican convention and hospitalized another 81 people who also attended the Kansas City meeting last August.

"We now believe it was sustained contact with the 20th century that caused the illness," Dr. Gregory Risher, spokesman for the Institute, said at a news conference yesterday.

Risher said after extensive research and interviews with members of the victims' families, doctors for the Institute concluded the Reaganite delegates suffered "massive nervous system trauma."

"They (the victims) found out that despite extensive precautions taken by the Republican National Committee to shield the delegates from contact with the local populace, that everything is indeed 'up to date in Kansas City,'" Dr. Risher said.

"So when they got back to their homes, the victims fell into a coma caused by the contact with the modern world."

The disease, whose symptoms include a coma, high fever, and an uncontrollable urge to ride in a horse and buggy in a few isolated cases, has killed people in nine states and hospitalized delegates from another 11.

"What happened to these people is that when they got to Kansas City, they found Black people who didn't shuffle and say 'sho' nuff,' women who wore pants suits and didn't want to be 'total women,' labor unions, and some people who didn't think Reagan is the second coming of Jesus Christ."

"It was just too much for them," Dr. Risher said.

A spokesman for the victims, Dr. Gaylord Wasp, however, took issue with the Institute's findings and sharply attacked the Atlanta-based institute.

"They (the Institute) is a government run organization and anybody with a lick of sense knows socialized medicine doesn't work," Dr. Wasp, a self-described phenologist, said.

"The doctors also tried to administer drugs to the victims, contrary to their principles of rugged individualism," he said.

Dr. Wasp charged the federal government with a massive cover up to hide the real cause of the Reaganite disease, which he said was really caused by Kansas City's fluoridated drinking water and to bad humours in the city's air.

Plains, Georgia (UPI)—Hamilton Jordon, Jimmy Carter's press secretary, announced in a press conference today that Jimmy Carter has requested a change in format of the debates between himself and Gerald Ford.

"The only change will be in the topic of the third debate between Mr. Carter and Mr. Ford," reported Jordon. "Instead of the questioning being open-ended we feel the last area to be covered should be Heavenly affairs. Mr. Carter feels that the topic of Heavenly affairs follows quite naturally after debates on domestic and international affairs."

When asked what issues of political importance would be covered in a debate on Heavenly affairs, Jordon responded, "The pardon of Richard Nixon by Mr. Ford of course. We feel that God has not pardoned Nixon for his crimes against the great and loving American people."

Washington, D.C. (UPI)—Gen. Curt Stoutgoat, USAF was questioned here today in the first of a series of Congressional hearings investigating the death of Soviet pilot, Viktor I. Belenko, who defected last September with his Mig 25, the Soviets most sophisticated combat aircraft.

It seems that military personnel under the command of Gen. Stoutgoat interpreted permission to examine the Soviet jet fighter too broadly and also dissected the pilot which abruptly ended Mr. Belenko's visit in the free world.

When questioned by reporters about the reason for the death of the Soviet pilot, Stoutgoat responded, "We in the United States Air Force consider the pilot to be a piece of equipment integral with the other systems of an aircraft. I don't care how sophisticated they build them; without a pilot it won't fly. Anyway we in the West haven't seen the insides of a Russian pilot in over thirty years."



Athens, Ohio (AP)—Researchers at Ohio University today announced the results of their investigations into the effects of marijuana use. Dr. Alfred Alfred, spokesman for the investigators, summarized the part of the research dealing with an isolated group of white rats.

"We administered the equivalent of fifty joints worth of purified marijuana resin to each rat in the colony every day for a period of six weeks and observed the social behavior of the rats. Within two days from the beginning of the experiment the behavior of the rats changed markedly. The normal dominance struggles among the population ceased almost entirely with injuries resulting from fighting down 87%. Instead each rat's interest in sex, eating, sleeping, grooming (accomplished by licking), running on wheels, and other hedonistic activities increased dramatically. I found their behavior disgusting especially when they began refusing to run mazes as if they saw no reason for it."

Alfred also mentioned a few of the human marijuana experiments which are currently being conducted at Ohio U.

"The human subjects differed little in their reaction to marijuana from their rat counterparts except that stoned people are more than willing to cooperate in experiments in fact they seem highly amused by the ink blots, sex surveys, and coordination tests. I can't understand their unrealistic attitudes toward serious scientific research."

Simon Glatz, noted Bible scholar, has found passages in the Bible which indicate that the Beatles will get together again for one last concert which will herald the second coming of Christ.

"The evidence is astounding," commented Glatz. "I am surprised that nobody has seen it before. Rock is mentioned twelve times in the Bible. For example, Psalms 62.2, 'He only is my rock and my salvation.' And 1 Corinthians 10.4, 'For they drank from the supernatural Rock which followed them, and the Rock was Christ.' In Matthew 16.18 Jesus says, 'and on this rock I will build my church, and the powers of death shall not prevail against it.' And I say to you, did not the entire world witness Paul McCartney's death and subsequent resurrection?"

Glatz, who sincerely believes that John and Paul are reincarnations of the apostles with the same names, interprets John Lennon's seemingly sacrilegious statement, "We are more popular than Jesus Christ," as a prophetic warning. "Obviously John was speaking to people who did not like the Beatles music and telling them that he and Paul had a divine sanction to make music."

"The Revelation To John, the last book of the Bible, I believe," says Glatz, "is a set of instructions for John Lennon to produce the most far-out rock concert of the age complete with heavenly hosts as back-up vocals and Satanic monsters for the glitter freaks." "The concert, which will be televised worldwide, will serve to herald and hold peoples attention for the second coming of our Lord."

Simon Glatz, noted rock critic, announced in Rolling Stone magazine that he feels an investigation should be launched into Paul McCartney's death. "I know that most people today consider the rumors in the late sixties of Paul's death to be a hoax perpetrated by the Beatles, but I find it impossible to believe that one of the great musical geniuses of our time has anything to do with Wings' music," comments Glatz.

"That imposter has glommed onto Paul McCartney's money and reputation and the rest of the Beatles are too disillusioned with what they once were to come forward and expose the charlatan. I think it's criminal."

DAYTON, OHIO (UPI)—The recent discovery of a large humanlike creature by a Wright State University professor may yield clues to the nature of similar creatures observed elsewhere in North America. Dr. Harvey Mescal, professor of anthropology and discoverer of the creature, says that he believes the creature to be quite like the Big Foot of the Northwest or other animals seen in Louisiana and North Carolina.

"The main difference," according to Mescal, "is that our creature exhibits distinctly human characteristics. This animal is shy and rarely seen, but the few sightings indicate that it is fond of wearing a charcoal gray suit with a red club tie."

Adding that the creature stands erect about six feet tall, Dr. Mescal feels that it must at least be a cousin of Homo Sapiens (human beings) and hopes to get a grant to study the creature which lives in the woods behind WSU.

When asked why the creature has not been given a name such as 'Big Foot', Mescal replied, "It may very well have a name, but nobody in the university community appears to know it."

Dr. Andrew P. Spiegel, university vice-president, is positive that the creature is harmless. "I doubt that it will cause too much trouble. It is so rarely seen," Dr. Robert J. Kegerreis, university president, was unavailable for comment.



by Kathleen Charnock